

Spartan 83 - New Planet

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Summary: A story I wrote in my free time. Spartan #83, Aka Charles, narrowly escapes from a battle that would have surely ended his life. Now on the run, Spartan #83 crash lands on an unknown planet, finding many things along the way. Criticism is gladly accepted. I do not own Halo or Skyrim

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Spartan #83

New Planet

BEFORE NOTE

This story is based heavily off some off my favorite things, and primarily, those things, are video games. This story is going to be heavily based off of games I play, and who knows, I might change the direction of the story, might not, you never know. Anyway, this story currently is taking place in a game called "Skyrim", and the main character so far, Charles, is a completely fictional character from my own creation.

The majority of them will be this way. I will take a foundation from a certain aspect, and create my own things. There are many more characters to come, and different places as well probably. I'm sure as you read, you will want to know what Charles armor looks like, so here is a picture of MJOLNIR Armor. One last thing, Charles is from the Spartan II Program. One other thing, when ever you see commas, it means the characters thinking to himself, not speaking. I used commas for a reason, I don't want my characters to think everything out loud.

Chapter One

'No light, no feeling, no nothing, only this devoid place' Charles thought, grimacing to himself, somehow. 'Is this how it all ends? A place devoid of anything but me and my consciousness?'. Charles saw days go by; his own memories passing by his sub-conscious eyes.

Flash Back

"GET YOUR GUN AND GET OVER HERE!"

These words were barely heard as Charles was holding his machine gun, custom built, and firing well over 2,000 rounds per minute. This only slowed the enemy down; Charles, seeing he couldn't stop them, and deciding his commander had good intentions, stopped firing and hurled a HE frag grenade. He hoped that the grenade would hit a weak spot and keep them down long enough so he could talk to his commander. Luck was on his side for once, for his HE frag grenade landed next to an undetonated mine that they'd buried too deep. It hadn't been set off yet, along with a few others, and the grenade blew it up in the middle of their army. As each mine detonated, it shook the ground and knocked over half of them. This took a heavy toll on them, causing them to have to stop attacking and repair the large breach that had formed in the middle and front of the amassed army. Charles saw this, and estimated he had two or so minutes to talk to his general before they resumed attacking. Charles recalled to this day every last word that his commander had said to him. He ran over to his commander, expecting orders on what to do to stop them, but what actually happened still shocked him. As he arrived, his commander spoke, his voice being light, and carrying an immense amount of sadness to it. "Spartan",

He said, a tear slowly rolling down his face, "Take the rest of our supplies, and get out of here, use the pod, they won't be able to catch it."

This struck Charles like a slap to the face like none other; his commander would never think this way. How could his commander want him to flee? "He's unbreakable",

Is what everyone said, so retreating was the last thing he expected to hear from his commander. "Sir, you're out of it! We have to keep fighting them! We can stop them once and for all! Look at the damage we've done so far!"

Charles said, pointing to the breach in their wall. The commander repeated what he said, except there was only fury in his voice since the Spartan was not following orders. "DID YOU NOT HEAR ME? GET OUTTA HERE NOW!"

This caused Charles's training to kick in, forcing all thought and emotion out of his mind. He replied with a crisp salute, "Sir, yes sir!"

And ran off, collecting the rest of the supplies that were left. He had run out of ammo when he ran over to his commander, firing at those things. He saw four belts of ammo for his machine gun, which each held 200 bullets, each fifty cal., and saw ammo for a pistol alongside a standard issue 50 cal. pistol. There were six clips, and each held fifteen cartridges (also 50 cal.). He ran over to them and grabbed the ammo and pistol, and put the pistol in a holster that was

built into his armor's right hip. He threw the ammo belts over his shoulder, then looked for anything else of use. He saw three HE frag grenades, and a survival kit for harsh terrain. 'Perfect'

Charles thought while running over to grab the supplies. He ran over and grabbed the survival kit and HE frag grenades, putting the survival kit in one of his pouches on his chest, which were built throughout his armor, and the grenades with his remaining two HE frag grenades. He saw nothing else, so he ran to the pod. As soon as he arrived at the entrance hatch to the pod, he turned around. As soon as he had turned around, he wished he hadn't, for the enemy had reorganized and were about to end it all with a planet-cracking ship. He threw open the hatch, but before he jumped in, he looked back to his commander; he saw him smiling a sad smile, knowing he was going to die. Charles stood there a moment, knowing this was going to be the last time he saw his commander. "Rest in peace sir, rest in peace"

He said to himself, saluting to his commander one last time. He stood there a moment, holding his salute, before he got in and activated the thrusters of the pod, shooting off the paved ground of the last human stronghold. The flood disbanded, getting on their own ships and leaving the planet so they could detonate the bomb. As Charles escape pod kept blasting through the atmosphere, he took one last look at his home planet, Earth, formerly known to be humanity's last defense. He covered his eyes, even though he had his helmet on, and saw a flash of white light through the cracks between his fingers. He uncovered his eyes, and saw the explosion as he reached outer space; seeing his home planet turn from a crisp blue and green, in all of its glory, to a wasteland of brown and red, cracked into pieces, with millions of deaths.

He sat there for minutes, blinking every now and then, before closing his eyes and sitting back, allowing the navigation system to find the nearest livable planet. He felt the pod suddenly shaking, then a robotic voice crackled, "Now entering FTL warp"

Then shut off with a _click_. Charles let a sad smile grace his lips. He opened his eyes and, moving with no hurry, took his machine gun off his back, and placed it onto a hook built into the wall of the pod. He then did the same with the pistol, only on a different hook, and then sat back again. 'Goodbye, everyone.'

Was the last thing he thought, before closing his eyes, waiting for something, anything to happen. He sat there, and eventually, he fell asleep.

END FLASHBACK

Charles saw this entire memory play past his eyes, then at the moment it ended, he saw only himself, standing in the middle of a dark void, the empty expanse he first saw. He looked around, and when he turned back to his front, there was a person. It just stood there, its head down, its hood and cloak hiding what he looked like. Charles, panicked he was already in an empty place yelled at the atrocity, "YOU! WHERE AM I? ANSWER ME OR SO HEL-",

But got no further. He could not speak, for it felt as if something was holding his mouth shut; he looked at the dark cloaked figure, and saw it was holding up a...claw? Charles started to struggle, but to

no avail, for the figure was holding him there in place somehow. The figure started to laugh, an evil demonic laugh, and as it laughed, Charles felt himself released from its grasp. He fell to the floor, breathing heavily, all the while the figure kept laughing, frightening Charles to the bone. He whispered three words, for that was all he was capable of doing, "What are you?".

The figure stopped laughing, then stared at him, and as soon as he looked into its eyes, it suddenly spoke, but its voice was the voice of the very devil itself. "You have seen the horrors of war, the horrors of humanity, now you must face new challenges", it spoke.

Charles decided to respond, but alas, he could only whisper, "Go to Hell".

The figure spoke again, its voice amplified, "If you don't face these new challenges, you will be forever imprisoned here, make your decision", the figure started to laugh again, forcing Charles to make his decision.

"I deny", he said, then the figure stopped laughing, and only said two words. "Wrong choice", and started to cackle again, and as it did so, he felt himself waking.

Then the laughing stopped, and the moment it stopped, there were new feelings for Charles, ones that went away when he had crash landed, still asleep. He felt, he smelled, he could taste his blood in his mouth. He also could feel that he was still in his MJOLNIR MARK V armor, so he assumed he was still in the pod. He sat there, allowing the dizzying feeling of crashing through god knows what and landing on a planet, or asteroid, to fade away, while wondering what he had just dreamed of before he woke. He sat there for what he guessed was five minutes, preparing himself for what lay outside his pod, for he still had not opened his eyes, and was also pondering thoughts of the cloaked figure from his dream.

After his short rest period, he thought that staying any longer would be a dangerous, for he also didn't know if the flood had followed him here. He quickly opened his eyes, and looked outside of the pod window. He saw that he not on an asteroid, and after looking at one of the monitors, determined he wouldn't have to worry about oxygen. He also saw that there was plenty of vegetation and that there was wildlife. He smiled, thinking to himself, 'Huh, what do you know, the monitors do track life pretty well'.

After his initial survey, he saw that his assumption was correct; for he was still in the pod, and his HE frag grenades, after feeling around for them for a moment, turned out to still be where he placed them. He looked for his machine gun and his pistol; he found the machine gun and the pistol just like the grenades; they were still where he placed them along with their ammo.

He grabbed the machine gun from the wall of the pod, and pulled it free, and set it beside himself so he could grab the pistol easier, and grabbed the pistol from its hook as well. He checked that both the machine gun and pistol were fully loaded and able to fire, and put the pistol in its holster and put the machine gun on a hook on his back. 'Let's do this' Charles thought, then grabbed the door release, expecting the worst for when the pod door shot off and he

was in the open.

He thought that he had just found a planet where he could breathe, and that it was up to him to somehow start over, but oh, how wrong he was, for his life was about to get really interesting, really interesting indeed.

End Chapter One

"Better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt."

-Abraham Lincoln

End
file.